# ELOQUENT EULOGY

## By a Chicago Roman Catholic Priest on McKinley.

## LET THE A. P. A. BEAT THIS.

**Father T. D. O'sullivan Delivers the Most Eloquent Eulogy on the Late President Yet Published—The Duty of Catholics to Obey and Support the Government As by Divine Authority Established Among Men.**

At the memorial meeting of citizens held in South Chicago recently to denounce the assassination of President McKinley, the Rev. Father T. D. O'Sullivan delivered the subjoined brilliant address:

FELLOW CITIZENS: We are to-day witnesses of an event unparalelled in the annals of mankind—seventy-six millions of freemen plunged into an ocean of grief and tears over the untimely taking off of their beloved ruler, or rather with the whole world in sympathy!

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us."

The bullet that killed McKinley wounded the heart of mankind. Never before was sorrow so profound or universal for the death of an individual, no matter how great, gifted, exalted or illustrious—not even for Washington, the Father of his Country, for the honest Lincoln, for the amiable and scholarly Garfield—both martyrs to liberty.

And yet the deceased was no military genius, as Napoleon; no law-giver, as Solon; no sage, as Solomon; no discoverer of worlds, as Columbus; but a good, plain, modest man, a President "of the people, for the people and by the people," though endowed, it is true, by far more than average initiative wisdom and executive ability.

What, then, has been the secret of this world-wide popularity and profound esteem? The Philosopher of Poetry reveals it when he writes:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world:
This was a man.

He had all those qualities which go to make the perfect man, the noblest character, especially those attributes of gentleness, kindness, forbearance and generosity, which draw all men as with the "Chords of Adam." Manhood and character are above all the achievements of genius, science, power and wealth. Columbus calmly facing a mutinous crew that threatened him with angry waves. Hampden withstanding a tyrant's rage, Socrates placing the cup of hemlock to his lips, the Maid of Orleans at the stake, Capt. Nathan Hale in the shadow of the gallows, were greater by nobility of mind and heart than conquering heroes, brilliant statesmen and crowned monarchs. Tennyson furnishes the key to his character:

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

His integrity was without a flaw. He was the ideal man so graphically described by the Roman lyric poet, the man whom cruel death itself could not move from the path of rectitude. He was the Aristides of the age. No Jugurtha could upbraid him with venality.

He was as the genie of the Lamp, ever the slave of duty. Duty is the highest law of life, it ennobles the peasant on the prairie the martyr in the arena. It has placed the halo of immortality around the brows of Horatius, Leonidas, Bolivar and Washington. It has given McKinley one of the highest niches in the temple of fame.

Like all the truly great, he was characterized by great plainness and simplicity, yes "in simplicity sublime," careless alike of ceremony and red tape, accessible to the humblest in the land, shot down, in fact, while giving the right hand of fellowship to another Judas—a vile assassin.

He was full of the milk of human kindness, never seeking revenge, never indulging in bitter speech, readily and sincerely forgiving his bitterest enemies. In fact, those who "came to scoff remained to pray" that heaven's blessings be showered on his head.

His domestic life will ever prove a model for his fellow countrymen. To his mother he showed the love, obedience and reverence of a Washington, to his invalid wife a delicacy and tenderness that have never been surpassed. "We have ever been lovers, and our love is still growing," remarked he to a distinguished visitor at his Canton home. The family is the unit of the nation. Given a pure, inviolable family life, and that nation can never perish or decay. It will ever flourish as the "bay-tree by the living waters," every home in the land would be a paradise, the divorce mills would cease grinding out broken hearth-stones and homeless children. William McKinley was deeply religious in his convictions, as have been all the greatest men of history. His dying words but reflected his Christian feelings, and forcibly reminded us, be it said with true reverence, of Gethsemane and Calvary's mount, words of forgiveness and of patient resignation of God's will, words that expressed more than human virtue. He was, moreover, a man of singular equipoise and self-control and singleness of purpose, so that,

"Take him all in all, we shall not look upon
his like again."

If McKinley was no brilliant meteor that flashed athwart the sky, dazzling the eyes of nations, he is infinitely greater and better as a fixed star in the firmament, shedding his placid rays upon life's ocean to save his fellow countrymen from the rocks and shoals of error and disaster as they move onward to the shining shores beyond.

His death has been a national, nay a world-wide calamity; yet if we profit by his example, if we wake up to a full sense of our duties and responsibilities as citizens of this giant republic, which like a Hercules has left its cradle to play a hero's part on the public stage, his blood will not have been shed in vain.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Had Czolgosz struck at a Nero, a Caligula, a Cromwell or a Kitchener, those bloody butchers of the human race, he might allege some defense for his rash act, but in seeking the life of McKinley he sought to destroy freedom, popular government, justice and mercy personified. His bloody deed has already awakened the governments of the earth to the evils of anarchy and kindred pestilence and godless social and political theories, such as those of Hobbes and Rousseau, and the false shibboleths of the French Revolution.

Anarchy is but the hellish monster sin described by Milton and let loose on earth—it is an eyeless Cyclops, horrid and shapeless, striking in blind fury at all that is good and sweet and beautiful in life. It is a poisonous weed that grows upon the dunghill of false principles. To banish it from the land we must train up our youth in the knowledge, love and fear of God—for "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"—we must act upon the wise counsels of Washington in his farewell address as to the necessity of religion and morality for the welfare of the state. Religion has assisted at the birth of all the great nations of the world, nourished their growth and preserved them from decay, until the fear of the gods ceasing, they fell into the abyss never to rise again—for "justice builds up a nation, but iniquity destroys the people." If there must be no union of church and state, good will and harmony should ever reign between them.

We must also bear in mind that all power is from God, through the people, to their rulers and officials, and hence as St. Paul declares: "Who resists the power resists the ordinance of God," and hence obedience to legitimate civil authority is not merely a matter of expediency but above all a matter of duty and conscience. 'Tis has been the teaching of all the great gians of the Catholic Church.

We talk about the rights of man as if they were absolute, and yet those rights are derived from man's duties which logically precede them—duties to God, duties to our parents, duties to the state, duties to our fellow-beings. We boast of free thought and free speech as if those faculties of ours were without law or responsibility to God or man. It is true we have the physical ability to think wrongly and to speak wrongly, but to think against the order of nature or of the moral world is no longer free thought but slave license entailing sin and sorrow. If we think and act against the laws of the material world they will crush us; if we think and act against the no less inviolable laws of the spiritual world they will destroy us. Free thought is the right to think according to truth and justice and the reality of things. To think without obeying the laws of thought is the proper function of the inmates of bedlam, or to say with Satan: "Evil be thou my good." Our ideals of life must be enlarged, purified and elevated. With Ruskin, let us believe that that country which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings is the richest, and with Plato, that there is nothing better in a state than that both man and woman be the very best.

## THE GIRL PHILOSOPHER.

**Insurance Man Met With an Accident Against Which There is no Insurance.**

"You know Tom," began the girl philosopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger.

"Yes," exclaimed the other two in chorus, "when is it to be?"

"You know Tom," began the other again, who would tell things in her own way or not at all. "And you know there was a fire at our house, in which the old maiden lady on the third floor had her nose seriously burned. What I am going to tell you is related both to the fire and to Tom. It was the evening after and I was practicing at the piano, trying to appear as though I were not awaiting him. Formerly, when waiting for the man whom I was going to marry, I would have been reading a book. But they all seemed to see through that. They knew very well that the book was a ruse, and that I was just making up my mind what to say after the first greeting. So I ceased reading, and nowadays practice on the piano."

"It is hard to know what to say after that first greeting," remarked the fluffy-haired girl.

"Is it?" asked the sallow young woman, innocently.

"Yes," replied the philosopher. "One is apt to grow red and look silly. Then he always says, 'Well, what are you laughing for?' and you always reply, 'Nothing at all,' and then you giggle. He laughs in little jerks, and asks you how you are. You say, 'All right. Hasn't it been a perfectly lovely day?' I used to get a book just before he came and think out things to say during such trying moments, but now I play the bumble-bee song or something which is not too noisy, for I always manage to hear every footfall on the veranda. That evening after the fire I was singing"——

"What risks you take!" ventured the sallow young woman.

"So I failed to listen for the footsteps as usual," proceeded the speaker. "I had just reached a high note and was endeavoring to get that vocal quiver that is so fetching, when some one directly behind my chair coughed slightly. It was so sudden that I forgot all about the line of action I had planned. I had intended to be cool to him, for you see, I was most—er—cordial the evening before. You should never be too cordial to a man twice in succession, you know."

"I know," answered the fluffy haired girl, with a conclusive nod.

"But it was awfully sudden," said the sallow young woman. "Did you mistake him for a book agent?"

"No such good luck or good behavior either," admitted the philosopher. "I just said, 'Oh, Tom!' and I am afraid I left some of my new powder on his coat. He seemed to be about as surprised as I, for he backed away several steps, and, removing my hands gently from his shoulders, remarked, 'I am afraid you are mistaken.' "

"What!" exclaimed the listeners.

The philosopher nodded vigorously and bit her lip, as though she was about to laugh or cry. "It wasn't Tom at all," she finally gasped weakly "'e accident insurance man who had 'se about the maiden lady's burned 'as maid answered the door, you know."

"What did you say?" inquired the fluffy haired girl.

"I must have stammered a little, but I remember saying that I thought he was some one else."

"And he?"

"He said he wished he were."

"Impudence!" ejaculated the sallow young woman. "You really should tell Tom at once, for as long as you are wearing his ring"—

"But it is not his ring," said the philosopher, defiantly holding up her hand. "It's the accident insurance man's."

Her companions looked at each other in speechless surprise; the fluffy-haired girl finally managed to inquire:

"When?"

"Since one week after he came out to inquire about the injuries of the maiden lady. Wasn't she a dear to poke her nose into the fire?"

# QUIT DRAW POKER

## Undoing of a Friend Turned Him Against the Game.

## EXPLANATION OF A TEXAN.

**How a Cowboy Failed in Trying to Win a New Start in Life, and What Came of a Clash Between Four Kings and Four Queens—A Professional Betting on a Sure Thing—Both Participants Are Now Out of the Game.**

"No poker for me," said the breezy, big Texan, who sat with a few friends in a down town hotel.

Some one proposed a game of draw as a pleasant pastime for the evening and the Texan's refusal to play was unexpected as it was laconic. They waited a little while for some explanation, for his tone seemed to imply that there was a story somewhere around. After a pause one of his friends said:

"When did you come out of Egypt, Harry? As I remember it you were one of the most inveterate players in the club before you made that break for the West and left us all wondering what had become of you. There isn't anything in the Texas air, is there, that's fatal to the poker microbe? If there is, I know some who might do well to migrate."

"No," said the Texan, slowly, "it isn't the air. In fact, the climate of the whole Southwest seems to agree remarkably well with the game, but it was down there, all the same, that I was cured. I never made any good resolutions, or anything like that. I simply conceived a violent hatred for cards, and I never got over it. I don't think that I ever will.

"I might as well tell you the story," he continued, after some pause. "It won't stop anybody else from playing, but it will explain my feelings. As you all know, I was a desperate player before I left. What you didn't know was that I played the whole of a respectable fortune. When I realized that it was gone I made a break for the open. The idea of staying among friends and accepting help from them in the struggle that was ahead of me was intolerable, so I quietly sold out everything I had left and started for God's own country. I didn't know, by the way, that it was specially his till I got there, but I had to get away and the stories I heard of life on the cattle ranches were attractive.

"I had no particular regret for my losses. The money had cost me nothing and I had had the fun. Moreover, the fascination of the game was on me, and I had no more notion of stopping play than I had of ceasing to breathe. The only thing that I had to earn my living and I didn't care to do it in an office.

"It wasn't hard to do after I reached the plains, for polo had made a fairly good rider, and I was active and willing to work and had sense enough to stand the good-natured hazing of the other cowboys without a kick, so I made friends fast and after the strangeness wore off I enjoyed myself hugely.

"No small part of the enjoyment came from the fact that it was always possible to get up a game of poker when there was no work on hand. We played almost every night and, after I had grown used to the slight differences in the game peculiar to the locality, I held my own fairly well—better a great deal than I had in the keen games we played at the club.

"What I couldn't do was to win when we went to town, as we always did after payday, and play with the professionals that were there looking for us. Of course I was on the lookout for crooked play all the time but I never detected any till long afterward, and I actually believed it was either bad luck or poor play on my part that sent me back to the ranch dead broke every month. I was no bigger fool than thousands of others are, and if I was a fool it didn't worry me. I earned my money and had my fun and paid for it, and I was entirely satisfied.

"There was a man on the ranch with me, though, who didn't take things so pleasantly and as the time went on I came to understand the reasons. He called himself George Carey, but was careful to say whenever he thought he was called on to do so, that was not his real name. As he and I came to know each other better we became fast friends, and he told me his story. It was one that is common enough in books, and perhaps more common than we realize in actual life. Anyhow, I learned afterward that it was true to the letter. He had given up most of his patrimony to save a worthless younger brother from disgrace and had settled the remainder on his mother, and had then started out to make a fortune for himself, and the girl who was waiting for him, back here in the East. And he had taken an assumed name to save the pride of his relatives.

"I reckon he would have made his fortune all right enough, if he hadn't been in such a hurry about it. He had every chance that I had, and was fully as capable as I, and I had no trouble in making money after I cut out the poker. But George was a born gambler and he played as constantly as I did, with this difference—he played for the money and I played for the excitement and the fun. Losing was no great hardship for me. I would rather play and lose in those days than not to play, but to him, losing was a foretaste of hell. I had rather a contempt for him because of his being such a hard loser until I came to know his full story and saw the picture of the girl who was waiting for him. Then I understood it better.

"Well, all this was over five years ago, now. We kept on playing and going broke each month for more than a year, and George began to grow moody, but he wouldn't cut out the poker. He was no further along than when he started, but he got furious when I suggested that if he'd saved his wages instead of gambling he would have had enough for a first payment on a small ranch. We came near quarreling over it and I decided that I'd rather keep my friend than to quarrel hopelessly. I never spoke to him again about it. I never played against him again, though, and I'm glad of that much.

"The last time we went to town together he was in high spirits. He had luck in a small way for a couple of weeks and with his wages he had between $200 and $300 with him; enough, as he said, joyously, to sit in at a steep game and win a really worth while stake. It seemed as if he were going to do it, too, for a while after he got playing, for luck was with him for half an hour. We usually went to a saloon kept by a California gambler named Bob Ayer, and we supposed as every one else did, that we were up against as square a game as there was in the West. The liquor was good and the place was well kept. Ayer used to boast that he was used to the best himself and proposed to give his patrons only what was good enough for him. It was crude talk, but it went in that community, and even George and I took his bluff talk as evidence that he was on the square.

"I played faro for awhile, for, as I tell you, I had made up my mind not to play against game with two other cowboys and two gamblers who were always hanging around Ayer's place. Whether he stood in with them or not I don't know, but I presume he did. It didn't take so long for me to lose my money at faro as it usually did at poker, and I strolled over to where the others were playing, to watch the game. As I said, George was winning and when I came up he had perhaps $500 in front of him. It looked to me like a good time for him to quit, but of course I knew too much to offer him any advice while he was playing. What I did was to say to him laughingly: 'I'm cleaned out, George. Whenever you're ready, I'll ride over home with you.'

"He looked up with a smile and said: 'I can't quit just now, my luck's too good. But I'll go with you as soon as I've made this an even thousand.'

"They were playing table stakes and there was more than a thousand in sight, so it did not look reasonable to suppose that he might clean up that much in a short time. I did not really suppose he would quit when he had done it, but I was interested enough to wait and see, aside from the interest I took in watching the game, so I stayed.

"There were two or three others looking on and presently Ayer himself who seldom played unless the game were a heavy one, came up and watched the play with us for a few minutes. He stood there, half smiling, but intent on the game till he had seen George take in two large pots on bare-faced bluffs that never would have gone through if there had been anything out against him, and then he said: 'I think I will take a little of this myself if there's no objection.'

"There wasn't any, so he pulled out five hundred and sat in. That did not disturb me, and I don't think it did George, for, as I said, we looked on Ayer as a square player. I know the thought I had was that if George's luck would hold a little longer he had a better chance than ever to round up his thousand. It looked as if his luck was holding, too, for there came a jackpot soon after that had been sweetened till there was nearly $40 in it when George opened it on Ayer's deal. He put up $35 and got three stayers, so there was over $275 in the pot when cards were called for.

"The first man drew three cards and the second stood pat. George came next and as he called for one he held his card so that I could see that he was drawing to three queens. As his draw fell in front of him he threw away his discard, laid his four on top of the one he had called for and tossed a white chip into the pot. The dealer took two cards. It being his next play, he chipped along without looking. The pat hand was sure to raise, and he could afford to do what George was doing—wait for somebody else to play his hand. The next player, who had drawn three cards, gave them a hasty glance and threw his hand into the discard pile. It was one of the cowboys, and he told me afterwards that he had caught a third eight, but knew that he had no show in the play that was sure to come.

"The next man, who had stood pat, raised it a hundred dollars. He was one of the gamblers and I never knew what he had, but I judged it to be a high flush or a small full. At all events, that was the last that was heard from him. George looked at his hand, and finding the fourth queen, raised him a hundred. That put it up to Ayer and he looked long and carefully at his cards before he spoke. At length he said: 'I raise you what I have here,' and he shoved all his chips into the pot. It was a little over George's bet. The other gambler threw down his cards without a word. He knew he was beaten.

"George covered the last raise promptly, saying, 'I'm sorry you haven't anything more in, but it's table stakes and of course that ends it.' And he was about to show his hand when Ayer said, 'Hold on. I know it's table stakes, and I don't claim the privilege of playing any further, but as it is down to you and me with nobody else in, I'll make you a bet on the side of anything you like that my hand beats yours.'

"Now that was where George ought to have had sense enough to stop, for when a professional gambler says a thing like that on his own deal he is betting on a sure thing, but, as I said, we thought Ayer was all right, and poor George was none too cautious at any time. He fairly jumped at the bait, and I must say I thought at the moment that he was justified.

"'I'll bet you all I have,' he exclaimed eagerly, and fingering his chips he counted out nearly $300. Then going through his pockets he fished out about forty more and shoved the whole sum into the pot.

"Ayer covered it without a word and the two hands were shown down. George had four queens all right, but Ayer had four kings.

"Even then it did not occur to either of us to dispute the play and Ayer raked in the money silently, while George rose and turned to leave the room. He was as white as a sheet, but he said nothing. I was watching him closely and kept right at his side for I thought for a moment that he might fall. I knew he had lost more money than that before he went West, but I also knew that he never had lost a sum that meant to him what that did.

"Before we reached the door, however, Ayer spoke. 'Wait a little,' he said with ostentatious heartiness, 'I'll set up a wine supper on this.'

"'No,' said George. 'I don't want supper and I don't want wine, but I'll take a slug of whisky with you, if you don't mind. I haven't the price with me.' And he smiled gallantly though he remained ghastly white.

"We took the drink, and another one, and then George and I rode home. He said nothing on the way and I didn't try to talk to him. 'I wish now that I had. Only when we were turning in for the night he said, with an evident effort to speak in an ordinary tone: I wish you would give my satchel to the girl, Harry, in case anything should happen to me. Don't send it, but wait till you can give it to her yourself. There's some little things in it that she'll want.'

"His meaning was plain enough, but I could not believe that he meant what he implied, and I had the notion it would be best to treat it lightly, even if he did mean it, thinking that he would recover himself after a sleep, so I answered him carelessly: 'Of course, George, I'll do it if I have to, but you'll see her before I ever will.'

"That was the last word he ever heard, for a few minutes after I'd put out the light he shot himself through the heart.

"Maybe you fellows can understand now why I have never played poker since then.

"I never had a chance to come East till this summer, and I came this time to bring the satchel. It was about the hardest thing I ever did in my life, but I'm glad now that I did it."

There was a long silence. Then one of the party said, with a suggestion of a query in his tone: "I believe you said that at the time you thought this Ayer was a square player."

"'Oh, yes,' said the Texan, rousing himself from his reverie, "we all thought so, then, but I was in his place two or three months afterward, and from curiosity I looked on at a game in which he was playing. You know lookers-on always see the most of the game, and I distinctly saw him deal from the bottom of the pack."

Then there was another silence, and then one of the party said: "Well?"

"Well," said the Texan, slowly, "Ayer doesn't play poker any more, either."

# THE SLUM WRITER

## Who Wears the Title of Commander of Guam.

## HIS VILE OFFICIAL LANGUAGE

**To the Men Under His Command Over the Loss of a Barrel of Whiskey—Unprecedented Outrage by An Officer Wearing An Honorable Uniform—Should Be Fired from the Service—A Manila Correspondent Sends the Globe "Order 4."**

The following communication from distant Manila reached the SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE Tuesday last:

MANILA, P. I., *September 10, 1901.*

EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE,
*Washington, D. C.:*

*Dear Sir:* Enclosed find a clipping taken from the *The Army and Navy Journal* of June 29, in regard to the recent (Barrel of Whisky) trouble which took place at Guam. Would like to hear your opinion of it through the columns of your justly-esteemed paper, of which I am a constant reader. Observe, Orders No. 4, U. S. Naval Station, Guam, May 5, 1901, especially where the mark is made with a pen in (No. 2), or second. My opinion is, had an enlisted man got reduced by climate fever he no doubt would have got ten days on the wood-pile for trying to beat the sick report. But I suppose it is impossible for (whisky?) one to catch such fever; no doubt it prevails only among officers of the command or that branch of service.

Hoping to hear from it through your paper, I remain, respectfully,

A constant reader, or
X. Y. Z.

Here is Commander Schroeder's drastic orders numbered respectively from "first to fourth":

Order No. 4, U. S. Naval Station, Guam, May 5, 1901.

First—The attention of the command of this station is directed to the hoodlumism and lawlessness which are rampant in it.

Second—It is not necessary to mention all the instances of terrorism, theft, gambling and drunkenness which have brought the United States forces into disrepute among the people of this island. But there is reason for alluding to the theft a few weeks ago of a barrel of whiskey from the naval hospital that was the last and sole supply of the medical department for medical purposes. An officer on duty here has since then been so reduced by climatic fever that a certain amount of whiskey was considered necessary to keep him from utter prostration. Fortunately a small supply was obtained from a passing vessel. Had that accidental supply not been forthcoming and had that officer succumbed, his death would have rested upon the heads of the scoundrels who committed the theft. There are many who know who those thieves are, but they apparently have not the courage to denounce them; they are afraid. This gang operates in the United States uniform, although not always in the uniform of their own corps. Their latest victim is an enlisted man in the battalion, from whom they have now stolen clothing and over $600 in Mexican silver.

Third—For the present, and until further orders, all enlisted men in this station shall live in the barracks provided for them, and no liberty shall be granted after taps. Commanding officers of posts will provide the necessary number of sentries to enforce this order, and will direct the officers of the day to have the roll called in any or all of the barracks whenever there may seem to be reason for it, even if that be at every fifteen minutes during the night.

Fourth—The many honorable men of the command, men who do not steal, nor gamble, nor get drunk, are invited to bestir themselves. When they shall have attained to real manhood's estate and decided to take courage and put a stop to these practices by bringing the offenders to light, then reputations under a cloud may be cleared, and the command become a source of pride, instead of being a source of shame to their officers and a disgrace to their country and to their uniform. Until then, and while the guilty remain unconvicted, none are innocent.

SEATON SCHROEDER,
Commander, U. S. N., Governor.

The intention of our correspondent evidently is that the GLOBE must notice paragraph second, where the commander cites the case of a sick officer whose ailment required whiskey and who might "have died" if some had not been providentially obtained from an unexpected quarter. The correspondent guages the commander's indignation to have been aroused by the sight of this unhappy, ailing officer, suffering for the want of the whiskey stolen by those whom Commander Schroeder so passionately denounces.

Admitting the theft of the whiskey by the "gang operating in the United States uniform," it is very clear that they did not and do not disgrace the said uniform as much as Commander Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., did in the issuance of such an outrageous manifesto as this "Order 4." We venture the statement that in neither the military or naval service of any civilized nation can be found a duplicate of such asinine stupidity as this order 4, leaving out the outrageous insults contained in it against the men of his command. This tax eater Schroeder is a striking specimen of the new imperialistic satraps we are sending to rule and govern distant naval stations and territories under the American flag.

Commander Schroeder is as qualified for such a command and the exercise of the authority such appointment confers as an Egyptian Fellah would be to command the British troops still stationed in the Khedive's country. He, and not the men of the naval station of Guam, ought to be disciplined by confinement to quarters, and his immediate court-martial and dismissal from the service would not be too severe a rebuke and punishment for his unprecedented and disgraceful official utterance contained in "Order 4." If there is any "hoodlums" among the men at the naval station of Guam, Commander Schroeder will find his exact social level in their society. He has deliberately forfeited his title and distinction of officer and gentleman in his brutal official utterance.

## IN BAD TASTE.

**The Grand Opera House Addresses of Hart and Watson.**

The eulogies on the late President William McKinley, at the Grand Opera House, on Sunday last, under the auspices of the Ohio Republican Association, and under the announced programme of a memorial meeting, would have been in much better taste if the political, or rather partisan elements in the addresses were eliminated. In the scholarly and beautiful address of Dr. Bristol, the Christian minister and the man were alone manifest. And in the extempore remarks of Mr. Simon Wolf, the true oratory of the heart and sincere affection for the dead President were eloquently demonstrated. The addresses, however, of Lieutenant Governor Hart and ex-Congressman D. Kemp Watson were in bad taste and offensive to the Ohio men present who are members of the Democratic party. This we personally know, as we were present in person and conversed with several fellow Democrats on the subject. The assumption that our lamented President died for the specific principles or platforms of the Republican party, as advanced in Ohio by Hanna and Foraker, and as more conservatively put forth in the opera house by Hart and Watson is indecently partisan and not warranted by the great tragedy. Such a claim put forth in the death of Lincoln was, indeed, true, but in the murder of the late President no such motives prevailed. Hence McKinley did not die for the principles of the Republican party but for the law, order and government of which he was the head and highest representative.